most annihilated as an organization. One company of the 33d Iowa captured 100 rebels of an Arkansas regiment, and the 43d Ind. made large captures. Fagan was completely routed. Marmaduke and Walker, on our right, had more natural obstructions to encounter and a The Regiments that Participated in stubborn line of "Yanks" to break. They

were as unsuccessful as the rest of the assault-It was afterward ascertained that Marmaduke and Walker did not co-operate; that Marmaduke accused Walker of a want of enthusiasm and lack of nerve-or, in other words, of being a coward. The quarrel culminated in a duel. It was fought, after the rebel army retreated to Little Rock, by Marmaduke and Walker, and Walker was killed. We learned this after we captured Little Rock in the Fall

On our right, in a nice grove of timber, our Post Surgeon had established a pest-house, or

SMALLPOX HOSPITAL, and at one time there were quite a number of patients in it, but at the time of the battle there were only a few convalescents, all able to be out and around. This hospital was in front of the 29th lows and on the line assaulted by Marmaduke. The Johnnies did not seem to understand the yellow flag business, but began to pillage the camp and come out loaded with plander-blankets and clothing and anything that they could carry. Our boys saw the move, and also saw some fun in it. They, of course, would not fire at the rebels while in the camp, but as soon as they got out of range of the tents the 29th boys raised the ery of "Smallpox! Smallpox!" and opened on them lively with their Enfields. Such another throwing down of plunder and scampering of Johnnies was never seen in Arkansas before nor since. Our boys just reared with laughter, and greatly enjoyed the fan. A short time after this diversion the enemy was repulsed ALONG OUR WHOLE LINE.

It was a most signal failure, and destroyed forever the rebel power in that part of the State

At the close of the engagement two steamers with reinforcements arrived from Memphis, but the enemy was in full retreat, and before the battle ended a steamer loaded with prisoners was on its way up the river. The battle ended at 11 o'clock, having lasted about six hours, on one of the hottest days I ever saw. The glorious result of the battle was mainly attributed by the boys to the fact of its being fought on "the day we celebrate"-the natal

Our total loss in the battle of Helena was 280. We buried nearly 400 rebels, and our captures of prisoners were about 1,200 besides the

I cannot close without paying a tribute of praise to the boys who crawled out of their cots noble duty there in defending our lines. Gen. B. M. Prentiss was a tower of strength to the boys. "We believed in him." I do not know the loss in each regiment, but the 33d lows was the heaviest loser of the regiments engaged.

NOT ALMS.

Are Pensions to Soldiers Merely Charity to Paupers?

[S. S. Knabenshue, Editor Toledo Blade.] His Highness, the President, received a short time ago a set of resolutions which had been adopted by a Grand Army Post in Delaware, commending him for his veto of the Dependent Pension bill. He wrote a reply, thanking the members of the Post for their indersement of his action, and going on to say:

It sometimes happens that official conduct, clearly demanded by an imperative obligation of public duty, is made difficult by counter influences and inclinations which grow out of sympathy, or by a disposition to follow with ease and comfort the apparent current of popular opinion

Those of our citizens not holding office, and thus entirely free from the solemn obligation of proteeting the interests of the people, often fail to realize that their public servants are to a large extent debarred in official action from the indulgence of these charitable impulses which in private life is not only harmless, but commendable.

The assumption is here made that pensions to broken-down soldiers of the Union army are a mere charity on the part of the Government; that they have no just claim upon the Nation, and that pension money is just that much public alms given to beggars. There is in this position of the President an utter misconception of the relations of the soldier to the Govern-

A pension is not a charity. It is a recognition of a just claim upon the Government on the part of its recipient. Such duty as a soldier performs is not one that can be paid for in full at \$16 per month. The men who faced death on many a well-fought field were inspired by that noblest of human emotions, patriotism. They did not enlist for the sake of the beggarly wages they were to receive. No money consideration alone could have induced men to leave the farm, the shop, the mill, the forge, the office, and adopt the hard life of a soldier. It was the love of country, a devotion to the Union, that caused them to respond to the call to arms, and join the ranks to do battle for the

Tens of thousands of them sleep to-day on Southern soil, having sealed their devotion to their country by yielding up their lives in her defense. And of those who survived, there are unfortunately many, very many, who in their later years are in desperate need. The Union army was composed of the flower of the young manhood of the North. The years of conflict were a time of toil and privation. Those who returned after the overthrow of the rebellion often bore in their systems the seeds of future sickness and suffering. Wounds that were counted but slight in the hey-day of early manhood have made their effects felt now that age comes creeping on. Sickness, and the privations of a soldier's life, left their impress upon the men who endured them, and thousands of men who deemed themselves sound when mustered out, now suffer from disease, or a general break-down of the physical system, which is clearly attributable to their army ex-

Then the fact must not be forgotten that these heroes of the war, when they returned to peaceful vocations, were placed at a disadvantage. The places they had vacated when they obeyed their country's call were filled by others. Men who were side by side with them when the war began were far ahead of them when they returned home. Four years of campaigning had not been the best possible school of worldly advancement. They found themselves handimore who have not. There are thousands of capital, who have fallen into poverty through disease and bodily infirmity.

It seems clear to us that these men have a far stronger claim upon the Government than the charity. They have as sacred and valid a claim upon the country as a helpless child has upon its parent. It is but a just recognition of a capable of self-support through bodily infirmity, proper pensions that they may not become the inmates of County infirmaries and poorfarms. The President takes an unpatriotic view of this matter. Every true American citizen should blush for shame at the sentiments expressed in Mr. Cicveland's letter. The dependent soldiers ask simple justice, not charity; and it is a burning shame the Chief Excentive denied it them by his official act.

The 143d Pa, at Gettysburg. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: C. W. Cook, in services at the battle of Gettysburg, made an error in stating that the 76th N. Y. led the First Corps down from Emmittsburg that morning, and was the first in the fight after the cavalry opened it. I speak from personal knowledge, as I was there, a member of Co. G, 143d Pa., and know that the 143d Pa. was the first infantry that stepped on that battlefield, and the first to five a shot at the Johnnies after the cavalry. We were closely followed by the remainder of our brigade-the 149th and 150th Pa. We had been in action but a short time when Gen. Reynolds, commanding the First Corps, was shot and fell dead from his horse. I don't first, and our loss was heavy, both in officers piece of shell while the regiment was resting bury the rebel dead in front of our brigade; and greater part of the way from Emmittsburg .-WM, W. SCHOOLEY, Sergeant, Co. G, 143d Pa.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. | blackened by mortification. We found them | to him for particulars.

OHIO AT GETTYSBURG.

the Great Battle.

BY S. R. NORRIS, CO. D. 7TH OHIO, DWIGHT,

issue of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, under the caption "Ohio at Gettysburg," appeared an in-terview with Gen. James S. Robinson, who is one of the committee appointed by the State of Ohio to ascertain the positions of Ohio organizations at Gettysburg, and to mark them with proper monuments, the State having appropriinterview we learn that the Commissioners had | the living rendered their country. been at Gettysburg marking the ground and making other arrangements for the erection of the monuments, and designating the regiments that were there as the 4th, 5th, 8th, 25th, 55th, 61st, 73d, 75th, 82d and 107th regiments of infantry; Co.'s A and C, 1st Cav.; 10 companies of the 6th Cav., and four batteries.

There are veterans and friends of at least three other Ohio regiments of infantry who, if this came under their notice, read it with surprise, and to it, as purporting to embrace all the organizations that were there and deserve to have their memory commemorated upon that field, will most certainly object. These are the veterans and friends of the 7th, 29th and 66th Ohio, of the First Brigade, Second Division, Twelfth Corps. We are not willing to believe that Gen. Rob-

inson has purposely ignored the presence of these regiments at Gettysburg, or that he was only delegated to mark the position of certain regiments to the exclusion of others. We are charitable enough to think at this writing that as the list is not official, and obtained in an interview, it is not complete. But we must insist that these regiments were there, and took an active and honorable part in that battle. The position they occupied and the part they tookespecially the 7th Ohio, of which I am writing more particularly-may be told correctly from the official report of its commander. For the information of that committee, and thinking it may interest some of the surviving comrades and their friends, I send you a copy from the original, in my possession: HEADQUARTERS 7TH OHIO, July 6, 1863.

Lieut. A. H. W. CERIGH, A. A. A. G., First Brigade, Second Division, Tweifth Corps. SIR: I have the bonor to submit the following report of the part taken by the 7th Ohio in the engement of July 2 and 3 near Gettysburg, Pa. On Thursday morning, July 2, we were encamped on the left side of the Gettysburg and Littlestown in the hospitals and into the rifle-pits, and did | pike. At 6 o'clock a. m. we received marching orders, and at 6:30 moved out in line, changing our position to the right of the turnpike, forming our line of battle in the woods bordering on the hill (Culp's) at the right of the road. In obedience to your orders I sent forward Co. H, under command of Capt. Samuel McClelland, to picket our front. They were posted along the stream (Rock Creek) which runs through the hollow at our left, and remained there until 6 o'clock p. m., when they re-joined my regiment. At this time the "Fall in" was sounded, and my regiment in company with held during the former part of the day. I formed my regiment in the open field in the rear of the stone wall, at the left of and near the turnpike. At this place I allowed my men to sleep, having their arms and accouterments in perfect readiness to fall in at any moment.

My regiment had not during any part of the day been exposed to the fire of musketry, but for some time in the afternoon we were exposed to quite a brisk fire of artillery, although not suffering any serious loss from it. At half-past 11 p. m. July 2 I was ordered to form my command. It was then moved, under your direction, out onto the pike and advanced toward Geltysburg, but turned from the pike to our right at the same place which we held in the morning. My line was formed in the right and rear of Gen. Green's Brigade. At this place we received a volley of musketry from the enemy, wounding one man of Co. I. In a few moments we were ordered to move by the right flank back to the open field, forming our line in the rear of a stone wall which runs parallel with the road leading to the pike. In a few moments, by order of Gen. Geary, I moved my command over the wall into the road, throwing out to the front 20 men under charge of Serg't Stratton to act as skirmishers, At this place Serg't Stratton received a severe, if

Soon after daylight on the morning of the 3d, in compliance with your orders, I drew in my skirmishers and in a few moments moved my regiment by the left flank back near the position which we occupied the morning previous. When in the edge of the woods I formed my command in line of battle, and, in compliance with orders, advanced forward double-quick and relieved the 60th N. Y. My regiment remained at the intrenchments until about 8 o'clock, when it was relieved by the 60th N. Y. When relieved I formed my regiment in the rear of the breastworks, remaining until halfpast 9 o'clock, when I was again ordered forward to relieve a regiment. I was not again relieved until half-past 9 p. m., having been under fire of musketry most of the day.

When relieved I again formed my line in the hollow and remained there until half-past I o'clock a.

m. July 4, when my command was again ordered forward to the intrenchments, which position we held until the brigade moved out on the pike preparatory of returning to Littlestown.

About 11 o'clock July 31 observed a white flag thrown out from the rocks in front of our intrenchments and immediately ordered my men to cease firing, when 78 of the enemy advanced and surrendered, including three Captains, two First Lieu-tenants and two Second Lieutenants. At the time the white flag was raised a mounted rebel officer-Maj. Leigh, of Gen. Ewell's staff—was seen to come forward and endeavor to stop the surrender, when he was fired upon by my men and instantly killed. Early in the morning of July 4 Corp'l John Pol-lock, Co. H of my regiment, advanced over the intrenchment and captured the rebel flag belonging to the 14th Va., which, in compliance with orders, was delivered to your headquarters. I went into action with 265 enlisted men and came out with 247, losing one man killed and 17 wounded.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant, W. R. CREIGHTON, Colonel Commanding, 7th Ohlo. From the small number of casualties in the Idaho. 7th regiment-and, although I have not the figures, judging from the position, the 29th and 66th did not suffer to a great extent-it may have occurred to Gen. Robinson and others that there is nothing to commomorate in these regiments, and that they do not deserve or would not care to be known to future generations as having been engaged in this battle. But I do not believe there is a comrade living from those organizations who ever felt the command took in that battle, and I am sure the State need not be ashamed of it.

Our position was simply impregnable. A of Culp's Hill high enough to protect our bodies through which to put our guns, a log was capped in the race of life; and though many of placed to protect our heads, and from the them have achieved success, there are many nature of the ground over which the enemy charged it was almost impossible for them to them, with nothing but their hands as their | fire through this space until within short range, when they were too busy seeking shelter or the rear to do much execution. The enemy formed his line of battle at the foot of the hill and came up across the intervening space of woods President is willing to admit in the letter and rock in splendid order, while we lay bequoted above. It is, in point of fact, an insult | hind our solid breastworks, obeying the comto them to class them as paupers, and to say, in effect, that pensions to them would be more of battle was well up the slope and in easy soon at work. Houses were knocked down for in a hollow, where a tree had once stood, you range, when the command, "Front rank-Ready-Aim low-Fire!" was given and executed, and immediately the rear rank the same, just obligation to grant these men, rendered in- and kept up as long as the line remained

The boys will remember how, when those solid lines of gray were melted away before our volleys, and after they had been broken, numbers of the enemy had taken refuge behind trees and rocks, and how we put in the time while waiting for the next charge sharpshooting them. A spot of gray showing from behind a tree, or a hat above a rock, was sure to draw the fire of a dozen muskets. We took as deliberate aim at that line of gray coming up the hill as we would at a target. Maj. Leigh, of Gen. Ewell's staff, as he rode up the slope was seen by us all from the time he left writing of the First Corps and its important | the foot of the hill until he came to his death. describes the rebel attack upon this position. With fiendish yell and seeming contempt of death, during six full hours they hurled their solid masses against the well-defined lines. The National troops stood like a wall of fire, whose flam-

ing tongues enwrapped in death whatever came near, whose foundations were as firm as the primal rock on which they rested. Nothing during the war had equaled this six hours of carnage. front of Geary's position were more rebel dead than the number of easualties in the Twelfth Corps. They ay in bloody mounds, some pierced with a single ilet, and others torn and mangled in the most frightful manner. Turning to my diary I find this entry on like to be left out in the cold, as we were there | July 4: "I have just returned from being one of the 'pall bearers' to the largest funeral I

mear the stone barn, after double-quicking the | we dug a trench, into which we piled about 200, and carried off 2,000 stand of arms." As long as reason holds her sway, until all else is forgotten, I shall remember that day | again," and its ghastly dead. We took them from per-Carl Otto Schoenrich, Captain Oriole Yacht feet lines of battle as they had fallen; we Club, Baltimore, Md., writes: "The Club, drogsed them out from behind rocks; we Hartford, Conn., will employ a few comrades to or our Post Commander; to the Pastor of the permanently the worst case in ex at uce that

everywhere in our front, from within a few feet of our fortifications to the foot of the hill. The one man killed from our regiment was Chas. Carroll, Co. D. and the manner of his death was this: The first time we were rethe hollow we lay there until ordered forward again, and as we took our places in the ranks, Carroll being a tall man, his head showed above the elevation in our front, and no sooner had he straightened up than a ball struck him and he was dead before he fell to the ground, killed by a rebel sharpshooter. These sharpshooters were stationed in trees out of range of our EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In a recent muskets, and every man who showed his head

above the log on our fortifications was a sure candidate for the hospital or the trench. engagement was not large enough to be commemorated in marble with their comrades from the more unfortunate organizations, erect ated \$45,000 for this purpose. Through this the monuments to commemorate the service

"CHARGE BAYONET." A Comrade Thinks the Prodder was a Useful Factor

in the War. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Numerous articles have appeared in THE NATIONAL TRIB-UNE at various times relative to the uses of the bayonet. The comrades seem to think that the bayonet was a useless burden. Every infantry comrade will, doubtless, agree with them in this, that it was a cumbersome thing and seldom (though sometimes) used in the manner designated for it in battle. But for the sake of the argument, we will lay aside its almost indispensable use in stacking arms, etc., and suppose that the opposing armies were on an equal footing so far as the absence of the bayonet was concerned. Infantry might charge infantry with equal chances in that respect, but how about resisting a cavalry charge?

Remember, comrades, we used the single muzzle-loading guns chiefly; the exceptions were too few to take into account. The cavalry come dashing on, the infantry give them one volley, and before they have time to relead the cavalry are upon them, cutting right and left with the saber, or using the "Navy" or breach-loading carbine, while the infantryman, with nothing but clubbed musket, is almost defenseless. With a solid front of bristling bayonets the cavalry would stand but little show. Do my comrades doubt the possibility of infantry with muzzle-loading guns and fixed bayonets resisting a fierce cavalry charge? Instances are not wanting where it was done repeatedly, as thousands of comrades will bear me testimony, and which I know from ex-

Instances were very numerous in the late war where lines of fortifications were charged and taken at the point of the bayonet, when such a charge would not have been attempted without the bayonet. I would not convey the idea that I am in love with the bayonet as a weapon of warfare by any means. On the con-trary, I think it a horrid thing, and would not like to be "prodded" with it the least bit. In fact, weapons of war of all kinds are horrid, and I would hail with joy the promised Millennial Day, when they will all be converted into implements of agriculture; but the arguthe rest of the brigade moved by the right flank to the right and rear of the position which we had guus, which were principally used in the late guus, which were principally used in the late war of the rebellion, the bayonet was indispensable.

As for the future, with the modern improved breach-loading repeating rifles, the bayonet may be dispensed with. Different tactics will doubtless be used from that under which we drilled, and charges of either cavalry or infantry will be made and received in quite a different way. "But let them rest." The muzzle-loader with paper cartridge and its necessary accompanying bayonet are a thing of the past. They are relies to be placed alongside the old "flintlock" of Revolutionary fame. The soldiers of the future will look at them and wonder how such awkward, clumsy, burdensome things could be used .- E. K. BARN-HILL, Plymouth, Ind.

"GRAB A ROOT." Another Explanation of its Origin-Yelling it at

Gen. Grant. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Comrade Fisher, 33d Wis., asks for the origin of the exclamation, "Grab a Root." I think it occurred in this way: On the day that Harrow's Division took position on the line at the siege of Vicksburg some of the boys of Co. G, 94th Ill., went in swimming in the Mississippi, upon the bank of which the left of our division rested. One of the boys was unable to swim. The bank was steep and slippery, but being determined not to be cheated out his share of the fun he ventured too far, and was soon sliding for deep water. In alarm he shouted for help. One of the boys yelled to him to "Grab a root." He took the advice and saved himself. In an incredibly short space of time it spread all along the line and throughout the army. This is the story that was told in camp at the time, and I believe it to be its true origin.

I doubt if any of Harrow's Division will ever forget the first time we saw Gen. Grant. It was a day or two after the occurrence. He was passing our camp on a visit to Gen. Harrow's headquarters unattended, with no uniform on to denote his rank, and riding at break-neck speed. A yell started at the upper end of the camp as soon as they saw him. This brought every one out on the line. The yells increased in volume as we caught sight of him, and he came tearing down the line, each soldier volunteering his advice at the top of his voice to "Grab a root!" An Orderly soon after came from headquarters, informing us that the individual we were yelling at was Gen Grant! -S. J. LANGDON, Co. G. 94th Ill., Lewiston,

GEN. STEEDMAN.

An Instance of His Splendid Executive Ability. [Toledo Sunday Journal.] BY H. G. NEUBERT, (one of the detail.)

Gen. James B. Steedman's old 14th regiment had driven the enemy out of Triune, Tenn., yet not until they had set fire to the timber blush of shame mantle his brow for the part his | and woodwork of the railroad tunnel. Pieces of slate, stone and burnt timber choked up the passageway to such an extent as to make it difficult for a man to get over it and through. stone wall had been thrown up along the crest | The Government Engineer, a Regular officer, soon came up, inspected the tunnel, and ordered when kneeling, on top of which, leaving space a detail of 500 men with which to begin the work of removing the obstructions. It was in the following manner he succeeded:

Gen. Steedman-Well, Colonel, how long is it going to take you to clear out that tunnel? Engineer-General, I have been through it, and I think it will take us three weeks. the tunnel was cleared of all obstructions, and it took just 48 hours by the watch.

This is but one of the many incidents in unteer served the Government better than the red-tape delays of the Regular Army officers.

Singular Deafness. [Buffalo Courier.]

"The most singular case of deafness I've ever had anything to do with," said the family physician, "is that of a woman up on Fremontplace. She has such a frightful noise in her head that she can't hear a thing except when she's in a herdic, when the rattle of the vehicle sort of drowns the noise in her head, and she One of our early historians of the war thus can then hear as well as ever. She observed this peculiarity of her affliction, and what did she do the other night but bring home a watchman's rattle and a pair of cymbals. She didn't say anything until her husband came home and sat down to dinner. He began to ask the blessings, and she, wishing to hear his remarks, began to bang away on the cymbals. He stopped right in the midst of his devotions and asked her wrathfully if she was crazy, to which she responded by whooping it up a little fouder, his wife was a raving lunatic. I went back with him to try and fix up matters, but just as | testify to the facts in your case, soon as I opened my mouth she let fly with the watchman's rattle. The outcome of it is that wife, armed with her orchestra, goes calling on

lieved from the fortifications and fell back to He Produces Some Interesting Evidence as to His Wounding.

Some exceedingly brutal assaults having been made against our eloquent and zealous comrade, Corp'l James Tanner, by the publisher of an alleged G.A.R. paper, he is moved to speak out in his own defense. In a private letter to If the death-list of these regiments at that | the Editor of THE NATIONAL TEIBUNE he

> 362 NINTH ST., BROOKLYN, May 19, 1887. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: * * Two or three nights prior to my being wounded at the second Bull Run, my regiment (the 87th N. Y.) was stationed along the Orange & Alex-andria Railroad at Manassas, Bristow, Catlett's and the bridge near Catlett's. Jackson struck in there (at Manassas) and tore us pretty well to pieces. John C. Robinson, then our Brigadier, issued an order that the enlisted men of the 87th should report to and manuver with the 105th Pa., and at the time of being wounded I was under the command of Col. Craige, of the 105th. Just prior to my being struck on the 30th of August, 1862, Robinson ordered us to fix bayonets and lie down, and as we did so I threw one heel up over the other, and was in that position when struck. I had been talking with the Sergeant-Major of the 105th Pa., and knew his position from the chevrons on his arms, but did not know his name. The first I knew of the extent of my injury was when he jumped to his feet and exclaimed, "My God! look at that poor boy with both feet gone!" When Joel charged that I was "a coffee cooler and straggler," that I was not in the line of duty when injured, but was struck by a chance shot, I had no difficulty in getting the affidavits of the survivors of the comrades who picked me up and carried me from the field; but they were of my own regiment, and I desired greatly to secure the evidence of this Sergeant-Major. I asked a great many of the comrades of Pennsylvania at different times if they could not get some track of him, -as to whether he survived the war, who he was and where he was,-but never could learn anything of him. Coming from our Encampment about the 1st of March last, Maj. George W. Cooney, of New York, asked me if I had ever seen the history of the 105th Pa. I told him no; and I did not know that they had a history published. He said it had been out some years; that he had a copy of it which he would loan me, adding that it would be particularly interesting to me, as it mentioned the fact of my having lost my legs while attached to the command. Possibly you have the book in your collection. If so, turn to page 59, where you will find printed the quotation from the Sergeant-Major's diary, which he gives in the letter I inclose herein. I wrote the authoress of the book, explaining my interest in the matter, and she sent me the Sergeant-Major's name and address. His letter, I take it, will not be pleasant reading to Joel or

blanket-no stretcher being available-and wrapped a musket in on each side and lifted me to their shoulders. Neither of my legs had been entirely severed-my feet were hanging by shreds of flesh. The blanket was short, and lying on it on my face, I looked under the blanket and saw my feet whirling as they hung off of the other end. Some kind-hearted soul gently lifted them and laid them on the edge of the blanket.

Now, after all these years, I learn that a

lawyer by the name of Butterfield, who has an office in the Garfield Building, in this city, has a brother residing in Eric, Pa., who was in the service. A soldier friend of mine sitting in Lawyer Butterfield's office one day, was introduced to the brother from Erie, and they were exchanging war reminiscences. Butterfield told of the horrible sight he saw at the Second Ball Run field, and went on to tell of the man who had both feet nearly shot off; gave the blanket scene, and told how he lifted the mangled feet and laid them on the edge of the blanket. I have written him, and hope to have his response before I mail this. If so, whatever his answer, I will send you a copy of it, and out of the whole of this matter I want you to put before a certainly quarter of a million readers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE such a statement as the facts stated by me, backed up by the evidence detailed in these letters, will warrant. The more prominence you can give it the better I shall be pleased. I think you can enter to a great extent into my feelings on that question, and that it is not necessary for me to dwell upon them.

Very truly, yours, JAMES TANNER. P. S.—Butterfield's letter just came. I inclose it.-J. T.

The letter from Serg't-Maj. Boyington is as follows:

WASHINGTON, WASHINGTON Co., KAN.,) May 5, 1887. JAMES TANNER, Esq., 362 Ninth Street, Brook-

lyn, N. Y. MY DEAR SIR AND COMRADE: Long ago I dug soldier's grave on the Second Bull Run battlefield, and yet I did dare to think and hope that the boy who could with both feet too brave to die; but no inquiry of mine gave after our experience of the 29th of August. I for which they died, they will be fruitful in me any knowledge of your fate after your com- think my company had about 18 men, and we rades left you with the wounded in the farm- | were all together. house, and little did I imagine that our Corp'l Tanner was the subject of that horrid sight. of your squad you seemed to me to be the only one to whom they looked for commands. quested. (There were I think 17 of you.) And I remem-

ber that you impressed me as being a man of yours, more than ordinary intelligence and ability, and that I left the control of the boys almost entirely in your hands, and that is why we were together when you were struck. He must be a low-lived son of corruption and prompted by the evil one that would assert

that you were not in line of duty when wounded. I am ready at any time to swear that you and your squad had been assigned to our regiment, and that I was ordered by the Colonel to take charge. I know, too, that we were in line of battle with the regiment when you were hit. What led me to speak of its being a can-Gen. Steedman-What, sir! and you can't | non-ball was, there was no explosion after you do this work as an Engineer in less than three | were struck. I recollect it was the whirr of weeks! I will clear it out ready for a train to the missile that caused me to look up when I pass through it with my 14th Ohio in 48 hours. | saw it coming for us. I remember well the And so he did. The 14th get the jeb, and | house above us and a little to our right with through that tunnel, filled with debris, until | peach tree just above us. I crawled up to it, and as I lay my hand on it I heard and, then looking up, saw the whizzing fragment coming down for us. My nose went into the ground which the prompt, practical action of the vel. | till I heard the thud behind me, when I looked and saw at once your sad fate; the bleeding, feetless legs sticking up so shocked me that I have no recollection of what I may have said. I will quote verbatim from my journal, written the next day while we lay near Centerville, and which I have before me:

"Aug. 30. At 9 o'clock a. m. we were again in line of battle, and were moved about a mile to the right and lay down, so as not to be noticed by the enemy. As we lay here the rebels began to shell the regiments that would pass us from time to time. A few of the 87th N. Y. boys were with us, and one of them, lying within five or six feet of me, had both feet cut off by a cannon-ball that struck him. He seemed to be a brave lad, but it was a heartrending sight to see his look as he stuck up to view his feetless legs. I have seen many horrid scenes, but never one that sent such a thrill of painful feeling through me as this."

I am glad to be of service to you, and I felt as I read your letter as, indignant over that charge as I could had it been against myself.

You ask if I know, naming many of your "I think he was a boy, ma'am."-Eangor Commerand men. I received a severe blow from a ever attended, having been detailed to help my friend gets all his meals down town and cupying a very humble station here; am a friends in this State. I must state that I am oc- | eigl. spends his evenings at the City Club, while his | member of Kearney Post, No. 5, Washington,

O., where I resided over 12 years, or to any of my many friends in Jefferson County, Pa., where most of my life was spent. I speak of this simply in case my veracity be questioned by those opposing you. It has done me good to hear from you, and a relief to know you live Gen. Wager Swayne's Memorial Day

and prosper and that the great interest you have shown in the soldiers of 1861-65 has been productive of good. May you and the cause go on gaining till the Nation's defenders all become the Nation's wards.

Fraternally yours, R. J. BOYINGTON, Sergeant-Major, 105th Pa., and First Lieutenant, Co. I, 105th Pa.

Capt. Butterfield's letter is as follows: ERIE, PA., May 17, 1887.

JAMES TANNER, ESQ. DEAR SIR AND COMRADE: Your letter of the 14th inst. reached me in due season. I have not the slightest doubt, from your descrip- | D. C. The following is a portion of it: tion of the circumstances and time, that you are the man I saw borne by me on a blanket with both feet hanging by shreds, and which I lifted up and placed on the blanket, on the 30th day of August, 1862, on the extreme right of our line, on the battlefield of Groveton. I was a private in Co. B, 63d Pa. Our brigade, as far as my memory now serves me, consisted of the 57th, 63d and 105th Pa., 87th N. Y., and the 20th Ind. (which last regiment joined us on the Peninsula). Gen. Robinson commanded.

On the afternoon of the 29th of August we were ordered by Gen. Kearny to attack the right flank of Jackson's line, in support of Hooker. We advanced, taking the railroad embankment behind which the rebels were ensconced in the flank, and swung around upon them with our right as a pivot. Our advance was met by a terrific fire, and although we made several charges, being without support and our line growing thin, we were unable to hold the position and fell back under the cover of the woods. We had obeen very roughly handled. Capt. Hastings, of the 105th, and Col. Brown, of the 20th Ind., were killed, and Col. Alex. Hayes and Maj. Kirkwood, of our regiment, were both severely wounded and carried from the field. All the field officers and all of our Captains but one (Ryan) we lost, and he took command of the regiment.

On the morning of the 30th we were moved on to the higher ground farther to the extreme right, to the position described by you. The house on the hill above us, and to our right as we faced front, surrounded by peach trees, I recollect well. There was a sort of shallow ravine or dip about the center of the field in which we lay, which ran at right angles to the front. The bed of a small, dry rivulet ran through this. The rebels seemed to have discovered us early. I think it was from the men on the hill picking peaches, the trees of which were full and ripe. I remember there were yells from our line of "Get down: come down out of that!" to the fellows on the hill. It was but a few moments until a battery of at least four guns was pitching shells at and over us snow-white hat shaped something like an inverted butter-bowl, rode by us with some members of his staff and went to the house on the explosion of a shell in the air rather close to us that you were carried by us in a blanket. I thought at first that you were a 105th man, but

"Never mind, boys," or something like that. have of us. thought it very plucky at the time, and the incident left a vivid impression on my memory, and although the day previous, and on many battlefields both before and after, I witnessed death and wounds in many forms, the circumstances of this case I shall always dis-

tinctly recall. Our division was not engaged at all on the 30th, and your misfortune, I think, was the only casualty that happened to the brigadecertainly the only casualty of the kind.

Our division fell back that night across Bull Run-wading it-and retired to Centerville in the rear of our retreating army. About a year and a half ago I was in Brooklyn and met Mr. Thorn, who, I think, was an old soldier. In discussing matters and things in general he spoke of you, and how you lost both of your feet by the explosion of a shell on the 30th of August, 1862, at second Ball Run, and that you were in Kearny's Division. It immediately struck me as a remarkable coincidence, and I related to him the story above. At his suggestion we went over to your office for the purpose of comparing notes, but you were not in. I was obliged to leave for Philadelphia that evening, and after waiting some time came away without seeing you. The charge made against you of "straggling," "coffee cooler," etc., can have no weight whatever in view of the evidence that can be produced as to the loss of your limbs. Such charges are generally made these days by men who have had considerable had in my own mind laid you away in a half- experience themselves in that line in the memorable days long gone by, and they are frequently apt to act as a boomerang on the heads that conceived them. If necessary I can give that in some sense we live for that for which shot away, or only hanging by the bleeding you addresses of a number of men of my regishreds of mangled flesh, raise a cheer for the ment who, I think, are still alive, and who I cause and break out in patriotic song as you | doubt not were witnesses of all I saw, as the did when being borne away from the field was | regiment was very small and very compact

I am a member of Strong Vincent Post, No. 67, G.A.R.; the Union Veteran Legion, En-Often I have told my comrades and friends | campment No. 1, and the Old Third Corps the story of the to me unknown 87th N.Y. boy. | Union. I should be glad to hear from you at When Col. Craige ordered me to take charge any time, and to render you any service in my try as for them, then perhaps we can meet them power. I return the Boyington letter as re- heart to heart and look them in the face with-

With regards to Mr. Thorn, I am fraternally B. F. BUTTERFIELD, Late A. Q. M. of Vols.

A Profitable Profession.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.] It is said that there is not a horse doctor in

average family physician. They make from \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year, or from \$15 to \$20 a day, and the anxiety they undergo is not half so great as that of the man who has human patients to attend to. The veterinary surgeons in the city are all making money very fast. They charge \$2 a visit, though the ailment be nothing more serious than influenza. They have their own "drug stores" and make a big profit tack of bronchial pneumonia." REV. F. H. ADAMS, out of them.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

their lumber, lifters were constructed, and soon on your left and I on my right side as we talked. being tampered with, throws open its doors, seizes a continuous line of men was carrying them | While talking we noticed a "Speller" near a | and drags and locks in the burglar, and handcuffs and holds him in readiness to be conducted to the police court in the morning. - Judge Orr, of Kankakee, Ill., has a goat which runs his lawn mower. And it is a curious fact that the goat, like his human brother, prefers to work the mower in the early morning when it will wake everybody up.

The mainspring of a Waterbury watch is 24

feet long. The spring of an ordinary watch is 26 inches. - Mechanical Engineer. - The Bible says it was Agur who prayed "Give me neither poverty nor riches." In Indiana it is believed that what Agurreally wanted was quinine. -San Francisco Alla.

FOR THE LADIES. - A Baltimore man who has buried his 13th wife

declares that he will never marry again. Still the man is evidently no coward.-Philadelphia North American. -"The people like tyrants," says a magazine writer. Maybe that's why the people get married. -Boston Journal of Education.

— In a will proved in Surrogate's Court, Kingston, lately, a large variety of bed quilts were devised to members of a family. Among the quilts enumerated were a "beggar quilt," a "nine-block quilt," a "sixteen-block quilt," a "log-cabin quilt," a "red-and-white-star quilt," a "brick-red quilt," and a "blue-and-white old-fashioned coverlid,"— Kingston Freeman. - Last Sunday a teacher in a Maine Sunday School had been telling her class about Moses, whereupon he rushed over to my house and said | As Miss Scott lives among the boys of the 105th, | dwelling at length upon his character, and desiring she could no doubt find others who can also to test their attention and memory, she asked "What kind of a child was Moses?" All was silent for a moment, when one little fellow answered up:

Mrs. General Sherman,

Kan., G.A.R.; have resided here the past two | wife of the General of the United States Army, her neighbors on Allen street and fools the years; am but a small farmer among the big | says: "I have frequently purchased Durang's children into believing that the circus has come farmers of the State, so that my acquaintance | Rheamatic Remedy for friends suffering with is but local. If necessary, however, I would | Rheumatism, and in every instance it worked willingly refer as to my standing (socially and | like magic," This great remedy is taken in-Comrade John C. Taylor, No. 17 Allen Place, morally) to any of the officiary of our County, ternally and cures quickly, thoroughly and during practice cruise, used St. Jacobs Oil and found them behind logs or lying over them, exhibit his real war views, actual photographs M. E. Church, or the Secretary of the Frontier | medicine will reach. Write for free 40-page st cured several cases of sprains and braises." with eyes and months distended, and faces by Bruggists and Dealers everywhere. | Lodge, No. 104, A. F. and A. M., Washington, pamphlet to R. K. Helphenstine, Druggist, to him for particulars. | Washington, D. C. | Washington, D. C.

A PROSE POEM.

Among all the beautiful and eloquent tributes to the heroic dead which Memorial Day produced, there were few which for originality of thought, lofty aspiration, and sweet human sympathy equaled the brief address delivered by Gen. Wager Swayne at the beautiful cemetery of the Soldiers' Home, near Washington,

It seems long ago that these men died. It is so long ago that there are here to-day grown men and women who were little children then. It is so long age that perhaps even to ourselves their memory has not been ever since all that it might have been. And yet these men might be alive to-day,

but for their willingness to run the risk of death. The fact that we are here proves that. They were our comrades once. They were as likely to live long as we. Their prospects were as bright, their interest in life as keen as any we had then, or any we have now. Whatever of life we have enjoyed since then, whatever of life we hope for yet is all within the measure of what these men gave up, who might have been here to-day.

In a large sense, they are here. This is their ground. This is their day. We come here because of them. Their memories look us in the face. Their spirits also, as we trust, look on us now from everlasting life.

The task they shared with us was one in which the death of some became the price of victory for the rest. They paid, we hold. The years since then, that fail to measure their oss, fail also-altogether fail-to measure what they bought for us.

For they died for our country. There is a country, vast and one, where men are free, where homes abound, where God is known; where to be born means hope and opportunity, and where to die is still to feel that freedom and the fruits of industry survive for those whom we hold dear; and that great land is ours, There is not a blessing it yields that we can wholly sever from these men. Whether it be the strength abroad we have as a great people, the peace at home we have since all are free, the manliness and purity and industry we have from equal rights, our breadth of intercourse, or our abundant manufactures; no man can point to any one of these and say we should still have had this if these men had not died-no man can tell us what would other-

wise have been. in a lively manner. Just about this time, if down to us. This day, having these things you will recollect, Gen. McDowell, wearing a from them, we are here upon their ground. How shall we reckon up with them? Not grudgingly, at least. What they did was hill to view the situation. Some of our men I re- What is done with good will can only be any other enemy of mine.

Now, in addition to this I would state that when the boys picked me up they laid me on a when the boys picked me up they laid me on a singular fact, however, that while McDowell was a traiter; that the white hat was a signal to the enemy of his whereabouts, and other foolish remarks. It is unpaid, and that is the real debt. Lova singular fact, however, that while McDowell ingly therefore, because of their lives, reva singular fact, however, that while McDowell was on the hill there was a cessation of the fire, and immediately after he rode away toward the left they reopened with redoubled vigor. The 105th, I think, was the next regiment to us and it was immediately after to us and it was immediately after to us and it was immediately after the rode away towe want to us and it was immediately after the rode away towe want to us and it was immediately after the rode away towe want to us and it was immediately after the rode away towe was on the hill there was a cessation of the
ingly therefore, because of their lives, reverently also because of their deaths, we strew
their graves with flowers. Perhaps at the
same time it will occur to us that in time past
we have not thought enough of them. Possibly

Mention The National Tribune. vigor. The 105th, I think, was the next regi- we have not thought enough of them. Possibly ment to us, and it was immediately after the in the rush of life, or in the stress of care, or in the pinch of need, we have been drawn or driven from due thought of them, or possibly the dull, seeing your "New-York jacket," concluded you | ble to difference between life and death. Enough Your face was that of a boy about 18, and as being here I know no better way than to look is left, in any case, to bring us here; and our boys came up with expressions of pity on up, not down; look out, not in; to look them their faces, you remarked, if you recollect it, frankly in the face and ask what they would

It is not a sufficient answer that we do them honor, and we hold them in affectionate remembrance. They were not seeking glory when they died. They had in their own friends and families an affection better, because nearer, than our own. The lapse of these years has taught us that the truest merit of these

dead is that they were unknown. The soldier of distinction might be fired by a laudable ambition and elated with personal honor and renown. The very uniform which these men wore made them each simply a soldier indistinguishable from the mass; self was cut off from what they did-country alone remained. That country now sees in them true and certified unselfishness-the purest gold of service. Therefore, we cannot pay these men sufficiently with honor, for that was not what they sought.

Nor does it answer that we have made some provision for their families. Nothing we have done or can do at all compares with what they would have done themselves if they had lived. The thought of money as sufficient compensation to their families for the absence of them-

selves is mockery. Where, then, shall we look? What is there we can do? The answer must come from that for which they died. They counted that more than glory; parted forever from their families that their families might love that; for that they gave up life itself. Beside all honor to their memories; beside what compensation to their families can be made, there remains this, that we shall care for that for which they cared; shall give for that for which they gave; they died. It is no fanciful suggestion. If this day once more we take these men to heart and make them a new interest in this country our lives, and so will be living still in that for which they died. To him who dies for any cause the truest gratitude is that we make that cause to live. If we but take this hence to-day, if next year we can come here and can bring out reproach.

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